DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL

A Kent Murdock Murder Mystery
TOLD IN PICTURES

25¢

Four Frightened Women

GEORGE HARMON COXE

FOUR FRIGHTENED WOMEN

A KENT MURDOCK MURDER MYSTERY

Adapted from the book by

GEORGE HARMON COXE

IRENE ALEXANDER

MOVIE STAR AND EX-WIFE OF TED BERNARD

LINDA VINCENT

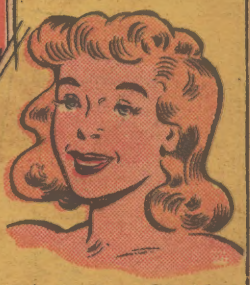
TED BERNARD'S NIECE; IN LOVE WITH JERRY GORDON

KENT MURDOCK

ACE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER

HELEN SANDERSON

FIRST LADY OF THE STAGE

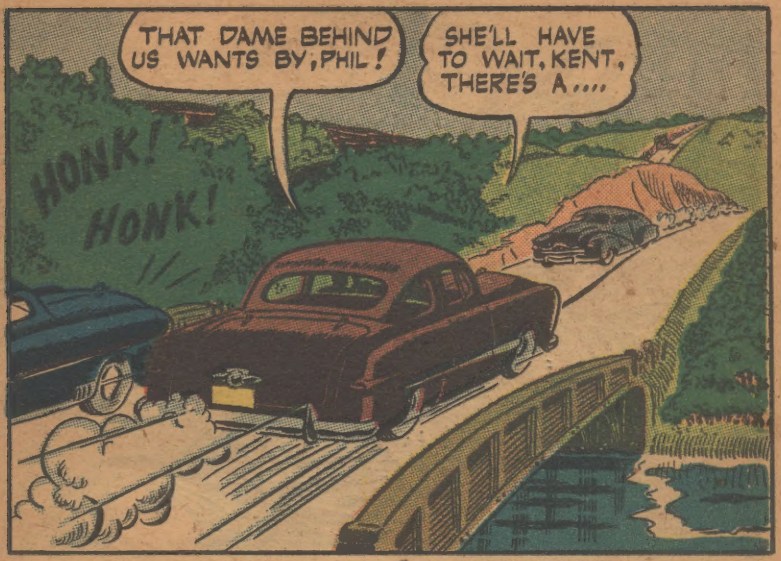


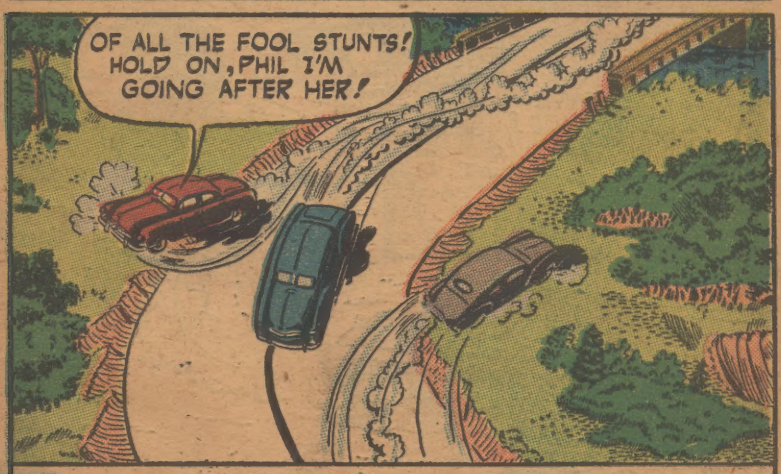
PAULINE NORMAN

NIGHT-CLUB DANCER

Published by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

Picturized adaptation copyright, 1950, by Western Printing & Lithographing Company. All rights reserved. Adapted from the original novel copyright, 1939, by George Harmon Coxe. Published by arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, N. Y.





THE LARGE SEDAN PASSES MURDOCK, CAUSING BOTH HIS CAR AND THE ONE APPROACHING TO SWERVE ONTO THE SHOULDER OF THE ROAD.

FOLLOW 'EM IF IT KILLS ME!
HM. GOING TO THE SAME PLACE WE ARE!

DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER JOB, DOANE!
OKAY, "KILJOY". BUT TAKING PICTURES HERE COULD BE FUN.
SAY WHO'S THE SWELL LOOKING DISH?
THAT'S IRENE ALEXANDER!

NOTHING LIKE INVITING A MOVIE STAR. I SEE LAUGHTER, GOOD LIQUOR, AND FUN AHEAD.
ARE YOU A NEW BUTLER?
YES, MADAM, I'M JOSEPH- BEEN HERE ONLY A WEEK WELCOME TO CLIFFWOOD.
WHERE'S TED?
MR. BERNARD IS BUSY WITH HIS RADIO PROGRAM UNTIL DINNER. THE GUEST HOUSE IS READY, MISS ALEXANDER.

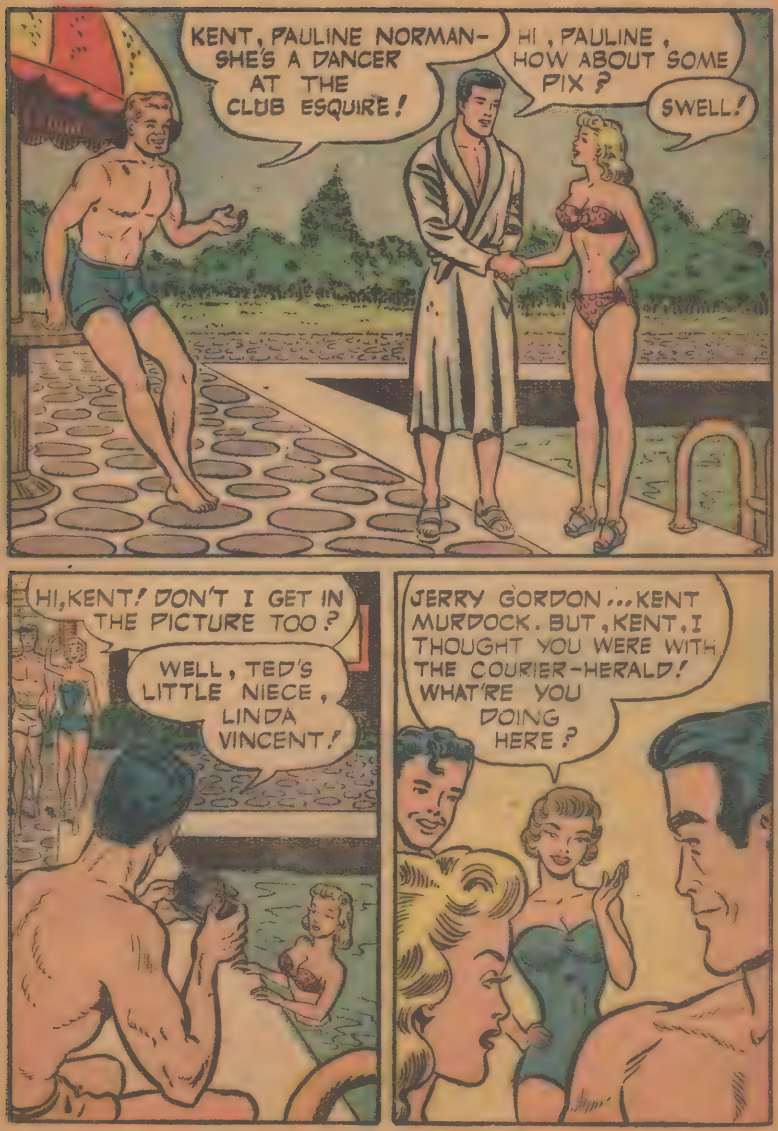
WHO'S THAT PLAYING THE PIANO ?
HIS NAME IS GEORGE CRAIK. MR. BERNARD INVITED HIM.
IF I HAD KNOWN GEORGE WAS HERE I WOULDN'T HAVE COME.
PERHAPS WE'D BETTER GO TO TO THE GUEST HOUSE.

IRENE DON'T LIKE MR. CRAIK.
I GUESS NOT.
OH, JOSEPH. I'M TO TAKE PICTURES OF MR. BERNARD.
HE'S EXPECTING YOU. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.
WE SURE COULD USE A SWIM. DOES BERNARD OWN THIS JOINT?
HE RENTS IT FOR THE SUMMER, WHILE HE'S LAID OFF FROM THE STUDIO.

HERE ARE ROBES FOR YOU, SIR. ANYTHING ELSE?
AH, YES, JOSEPH- HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?
NO, SIR. THAT IS, I DON'T THINK SO. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SIR....
WOW! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CUSTOM BUILT JOB, KENT!
HURRY UP, KENT!
I'M ALL READY... SEE YOU AT THE POOL! AND STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!

THAT WAS SWELL.
THANKS.

NOW WHY DID THAT PIANO PLAYER WEAR HIS GUN ?.... HA, I SEE DOANE HAS ALREADY MET THE BLONDE.


KENT, PAULINE NORMAN- SHE'S A DANCER AT THE CLUB ESQUIRE!
HI, PAULINE, HOW ABOUT SOME PIX?
SWELL!
HI, KENT! DON'T I GET IN THE PICTURE TOO?
WELL, TED'S LITTLE NIECE, LINDA VINCENT!
JERRY GORDON... KENT MURDOCK. BUT, KENT, I THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH THE COURIER-HERALD! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M PICTURE CHIEF AT THE PAPER NOW. I'M OUT HERE TO DO A "DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COMEDIAN" SPREAD, FEATURING TED BERNARD.
I'M SUPPOSED TO GET SOME PIX OF IRENE ALEXANDER, TOO. SO HERE I AM, AFTER YOUR UNCLE AND HIS EX-WIFE WITH A CAMERA!
WELL, UNCLE TED'S GOING TO BE BUSY WITH A GAG CONFERENCE FOR HOURS, SO RELAX. COME ON, LET'S RACE.

THAT'S ALL FOR ME. I'VE GOT TO SEE YOUR UNCLE, CONFERENCE OR NO CONFERENCE!
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED! SOME HOUSE-PARTY! FIRST A GUN-TOTIN' PIANO PLAYER....
....AND NOW JACK FENNER... WELL KNOWN PRIVATE DETECTIVE!
HI, MURDOCK.
WHAT'S COOKING, JACK?
EVER HEARD OF VACATIONS?
NOT FOR PRIVATE DETECTIVES. THAT BUTLER'S ONE OF YOUR BOYS, ISN'T HE?
POSSIBLE.

NOT GIVING OUT WITH INFORMATION TODAY I TAKE IT.
YOU TAKE IT RIGHT, KENT. VERY SHARP.
JOSEPH SURE MAKES A GOOD BUTLER, DON'T HE ?

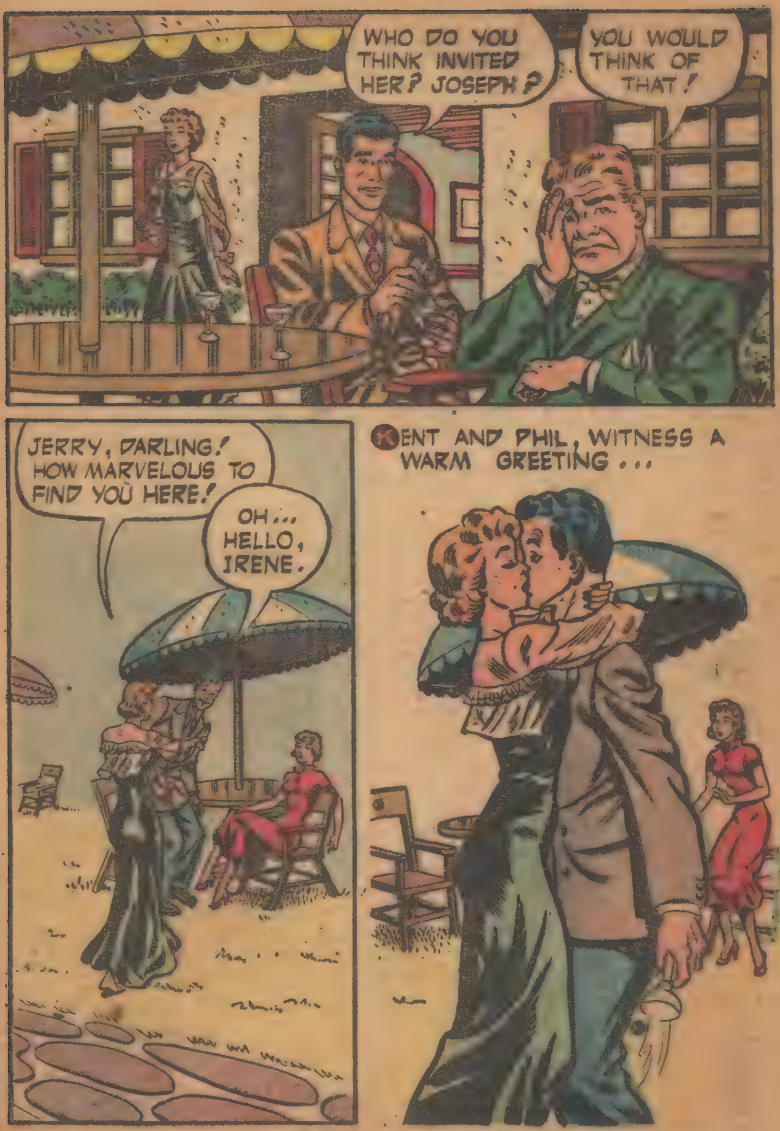
JOSEPH, WHERE'S MR. BERNARD?
HIS SUITE'S AT THE NORTH END, UPSTAIRS. BUT...
I KNOW... HE'S WORKING ON GAGS FOR HIS RADIO SHOW.
CAN'T WAIT FOREVER TO TAKE THOSE PIX.... GUESS BERNARD DOESN'T HEAR ME!

DAMN IT, BERT, IT AIN'T FUNNY! AND ANYWAY IT'S 30 YEARS OLD!
OKAY, SO IT WAS FUNNY THEN, AND IT'S FUNNY NOW....
TRY IT ON HIM AND SEE!
LOOK, IS THIS FUNNY? I'M A DUMB MOVIE PRODUCER, SEE. A GUY IS TRYIN' TO SELL ME A BILL OF GOODS.

HE SAYS "HOW ABOUT MAKIN' A PICTURE OF MADAME BUTTERFLY?" I SAY, "NAW IT WON'T GO..."
"...THE PUBLIC IS TIRED OF THEM ANIMAL PICTURES!"
YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY?
SURE, THE WAY YOU TELL IT.
THE GAG'S OKAY, DAD.

WELL, OKAY... HOW ARE YOU, MURDOCK? YOU KNOW MY SON, LLOYD, AND BERT REMINGTON ...HE WRITES THE GAGS.
SURE... SAY, HOW ABOUT THOSE PICTURES TED?
I'M SORRY, KID, BUT I GOTTA GET THIS RADIO SHOW SET. HOW ABOUT STAYIN' OVER, TAKIN' 'EM TOMORROW?
WELL...
SURE YOU CAN. RIGHT AFTER BREAKFAST!
O.K., TED. THANKS.

BEFORE DINNER THAT NIGHT...
THANKS, UTSUKI.
OH, BOY, MARTINIS! I'LL HAVE ONE, TOO.
HOW'D YOU DO WITH THE NORMAN GAL?
WHAT A WOMAN! BUT DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, KENT. SHE'S A NICE KID.
DON'T YOU GET ANY IDEAS. SHE'S LLOYD'S GIRL.
SHE DIDN'T SAY SO!

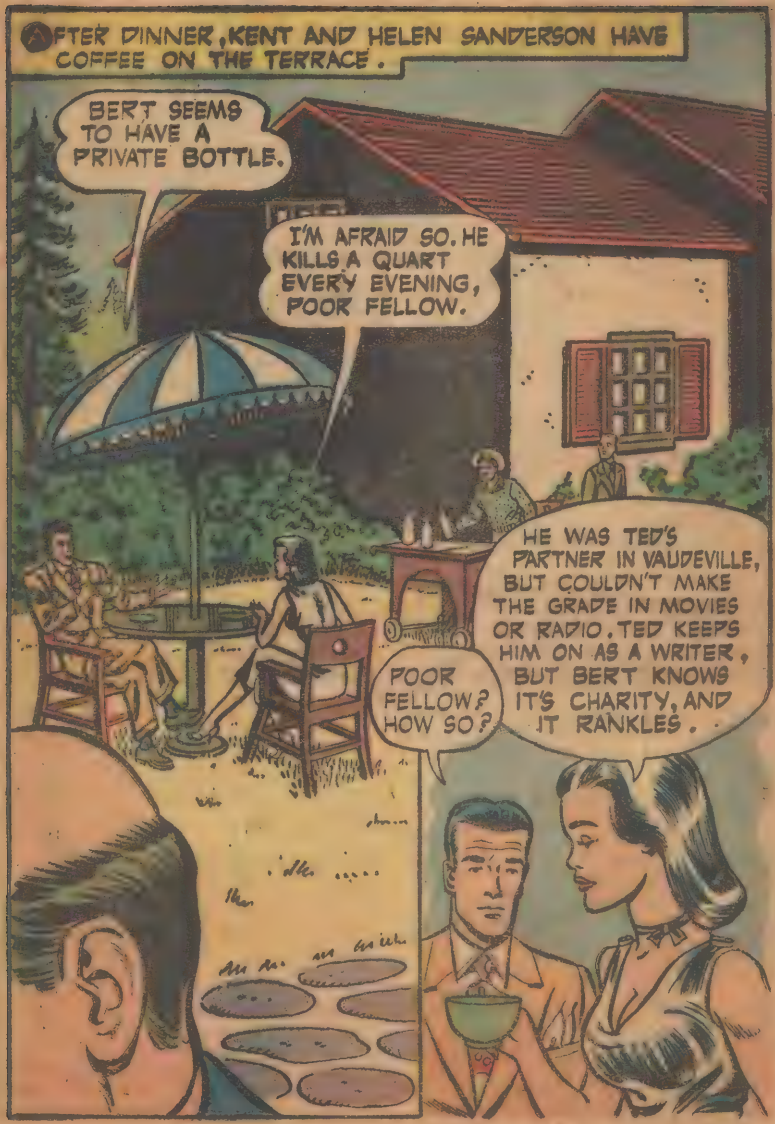

WHO DO YOU THINK INVITED HER? JOSEPH?
YOU WOULD THINK OF THAT!
JERRY, DARLING! HOW MARVELOUS TO FIND YOU HERE!
OH... HELLO, IRENE.
KENT AND PHIL, WITNESS A WARM GREETING...

OH, IRENE, THIS IS MISS VINCENT..... MISS ALEXANDER.
HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR?
FINE, THANKS. DON'T I GET A KISS TOO?
JUST THE MEN, DARLING.
I SEE.... ANY MAN NO DOUBT!

IRENE'S ROUTINE DIDN'T GO OVER SO HOT, HUH? SAY, WHO'S THAT WITH TED?
I DON'T KNOW... SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR, THOUGH.
HELEN, THIS IS KENT MURDOCK, AND THE REDHEAD IS PHIL DOANE. BOYS MEET THE FIRST LADY OF THE STAGE, HELEN SANDERSON!

I'VE WORSHIPPED YOU ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS FOR YEARS! I NEVER EXPECTED TO MEET YOU.
KENT, YOU DARLING. FOR THAT, YOU MAY TAKE ME IN TO DINNER, AND TELL ME ABOUT YOUR EXCITING JOB!
EXCITING? NOT MUCH. I'D SAY THERE WAS AS MUCH EXCITEMENT RIGHT HERE AS YOU'D WANT TO SEE!
HERE? AT CLIFFWOOD? YOU'RE JOKING, OF COURSE.

NO. LOOK. THERE'S CRAIK, WHO PLAYS HOT PIANO AND CARRIES A GUN. IRENE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HER MIND. LINDA'S JEALOUS BECAUSE JERRY AND IRENE APPARENTLY KNOW EACH OTHER PRETTY WELL. THERE'S A PRIVATE DETECTIVE... AND WHAT HAPPENED TO IRENE'S AGENT LASKY?
I CAN ANSWER THAT... IRENE SENT HIM OFF TO BOSTON. SAID SHE COULDN'T STAND AN AGENT AROUND WHEN SHE SHOULD BE RESTING!
THERE! YOU'VE PRICKED MY LITTLE BUBBLE OF MYSTERY! BUT TED'S GUESTS ARE ALWAYS-ER-INTERESTING!


AFTER DINNER, KENT AND HELEN SANDERSON HAVE COFFEE ON THE TERRACE.
BERT SEEMS TO HAVE A PRIVATE BOTTLE.
I'M AFRAID SO. HE KILLS A QUART EVERY EVENING, POOR FELLOW.
POOR FELLOW? HOW SO?
HE WAS TED'S PARTNER IN VAUDEVILLE, BUT COULDN'T MAKE THE GRADE IN MOVIES OR RADIO. TED KEEPS HIM ON AS A WRITER, BUT BERT KNOWS IT'S CHARITY, AND IT RANKLES.

MUST GO NOW, KENT... I'VE GOT PLAYS TO READ.
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE YOU, MR. MURDOCK.
I'M FLATTERED, IRENE... WHAT ABOUT?
THE PICTURES YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE. POSING IS SO TIRING!
I SUPPOSE IT IS...

CAN'T WE TAKE SOME TONIGHT, SOME TOMORROW?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.
FINE. COME TO THE GUEST HOUSE IN AN HOUR... WELL, I SEE BERT'S HAD HIS NIGHTLY QUART!
YEAH, IN LESS THAN AN HOUR TOO. HOW CAN HE TAKE IT?

PRACTICE, KENT. HE'S HAD YEARS OF PRACTICE!
RIGHT...SEE YOU IN AN HOUR...
HMM...THERE'S JERRY FOLLOWING IRENE-PROBABLY TO TELL HER NOT TO KISS HIM WHILE LINDA'S AROUND. I'LL FIND FENNER...MAYBE HE'S READY TO TALK BY NOW.

GOING TO JACK FENNER'S ROOM, KENT FINDS HIM OCCUPIED...

NUTS!
PAY UP, BOYS, AND STOP CRYING. HI, KENT.
SAY, KENT, LEND ME THAT HALF-DOLLAR. I'LL TOSS WITH THESE GUYS AN' GET MY MONEY BACK.
HEADS I WIN... TAILS YOU WIN.

SURE, AND THERE AIN'T NO TAILS!

I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, MURDOCK. CARRYING A TRICK COIN.
GUY'S GOT TO MAKE A LIVING, JACK.
YOU, SONNY BOY, HIT THE ROAD. IF YOU CAN TALK THE EDITOR INTO SENDING YOU BACK TOMORROW, O.K. OTHERWISE HAVE LACEY PICK ME UP.
BUT MAYBE THERE'S A STORY HERE! ALL THOSE SCREWY PEOPLE.. AND FENNER AND JOE. THEY'RE NOT HERE FOR FUN.

GET GOING...TELL IT TO THE BOSS.
ALL RIGHT, FENNER, COME CLEAN!
HOLD IT, KENT-WE GOT OUR CLIENT'S RIGHTS TO CONSIDER.

YEAH. IT MIGHT NOT BE ETHICAL TO TALK.
UH-HUH. BUT WHO IS YOUR CLIENT? TED?
YEAH, BUT IT'S LLOYD WE'RE WATCHING. HE'S ON THE HOOK TO NICK KOHLER FOR TEN GRAND. . . . GAMBLING.

YOU KNOW KOHLER... HE WANTS HIS DOUGH OR ELSE! SO WE'RE JUST A BODYGUARD.
WHAT'S WITH THIS CRAIK GUY?
DON'T KNOW, EXCEPT BERNARD ACTS SCARED OF HIM. TOLD ME TO LEAVE HIM STRICTLY ALONE.
IF THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW, I'M SHOVING. GOT TO TAKE PIX OF ALEXANDER.
TOUGH WORK, HUH?
TAKE IT EASY, KENT. YOU KNOW THOSE REDHEADS.

LATER THAT NIGHT
OH-OH! IRENE HAS COMPANY--AND AN ARGUMENT!
BUT ALL I...
YOU'LL TAKE YOUR MEDICINE AND LIKE IT... BECAUSE THIS TIME I'M GOING THROUGH WITH IT!
I'LL SHOW THAT DAME SHE CAN'T...
HERE I GO-DANIEL AND THE LION'S DEN --THAT'S ME!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?
OH, KENT- IT'S YOU!
SKIP IT, KENT... GUESS I'VE JUST GOT A NASTY TEMPER. GOES WITH MY HAIR.
I'M TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND...A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL HAVE A SHOWDOWN WITH ME BEFORE I LEAVE HERE!

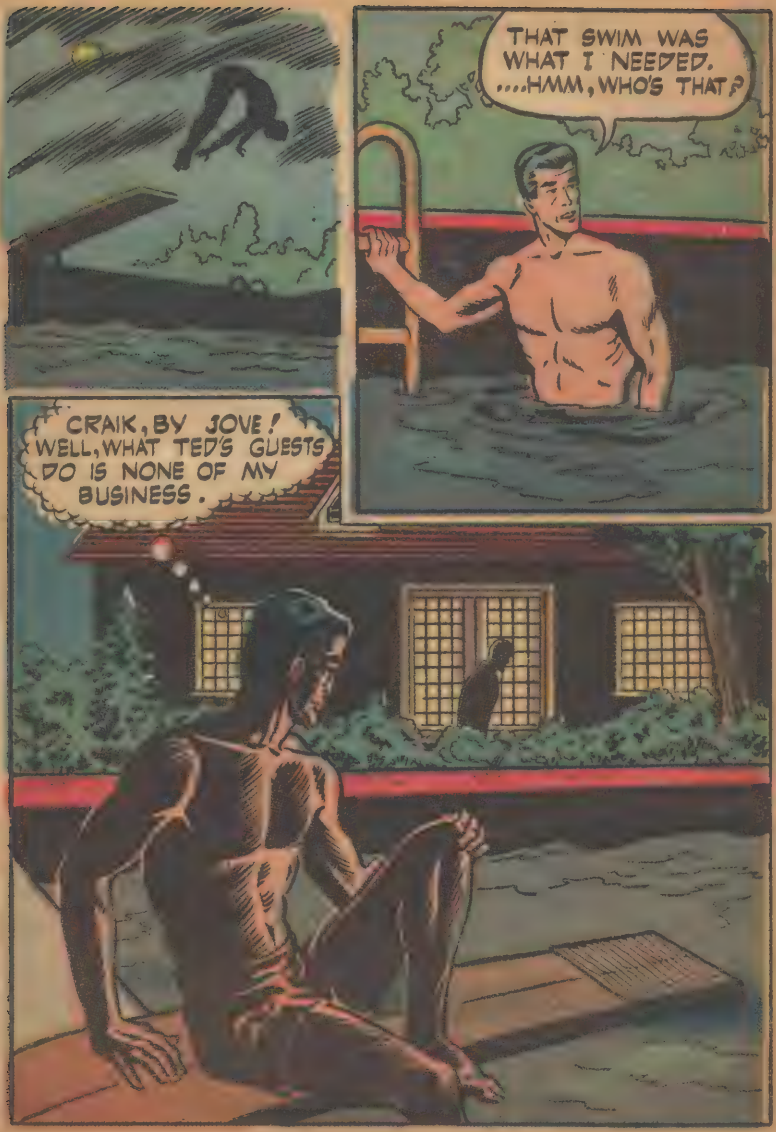
BUT NOT YOU, KENT MURDOCK. COME ON IN. I'LL MIX US A DRINK.
I'LL NEED ONE IF YOU START TO WAVE A CANDLESTICK AT ME!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, KENT. I SORT OF LIKE YOU.
THANKS. IF YOU DIDN'T YOU'D MAKE A TOUGH ENEMY.
O.K. LET'S GET STARTED. I'LL MAKE UP WHILE YOU FIX YOUR CAMERA.
ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES.

IN THE CHAIR?
YES, IF YOU WILL.
IS LLOYD BERNARD YOUR SON, IRENE?
NO! TED ADOPTED HIM BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED. DIDN'T PAN OUT TOO WELL, IF YOU ASK ME.
TED'S ALWAYS PICKING UP STRAY DOGS AND CATS AND SUPPORTING HIS OLD VAUDEVILLE FRIENDS, LIKE BERT. HE'S A GREAT GUY. BUT WE JUST DIDN'T HIT IT OFF!

OH-OH-SOMEONE'S KNOCKING-MAKE US A DRINK WHILE I SEE WHO IT IS, KENT.
I'M FED UP, I TELL YOU! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO. I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. I'M GOING THROUGH WITH IT!
SHOWDOWN NUMBER TWO! THAT GAL'S GOING TO GET HERSELF DISLIKED!

DON'T MIND ME. I'M JUST GETTING SOME ACCOUNTS STRAIGHT. MORE SHOTS?
YES, IF YOU'RE NOT TIRED. HAVE YOU GOT ANOTHER ROBE?
SURE, JUST A MINUTE.
HOW'S THIS?
FINE.
BY 1:30, THE PICTURES WERE ALL TAKEN.
NOW WHAT?
THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT.

BUT...YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO.
I'D BETTER LEAVE THIS JUNK HERE.
HOW ABOUT A NIGHTCAP, KENT?
NO THANKS. I'M GOING FOR A SWIM. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.


THAT SWIM WAS WHAT I NEEDED. ....HMM, WHO'S THAT?
CRAIK, BY JOVE! WELL, WHAT TED'S GUESTS DO IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

MY NIGHTCAP MIGHT HAVE TASTED BETTER AT IRENE'S!
MUST HAVE HAD TOO MUCH ALREADY. TASTES FOUL!

FEEL AWFUL... DOPEY... BETTER ...LIE ...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING-
OH, WHAT A HEAD!.... HEY! THIS ISN'T MY ROOM!

HEY!.... THAT'S IRENE!
STRANGLED! BUT THE COLOR...
MISS IRENE! YOU'D BETTER GET UP.
THE MAID!

I'LL BE BACK IN TEN MINUTES AND YOU'D BETTER BE UP.
AND I BETTER BE OUT! MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT BACK TO THE HOUSE THROUGH THE TREES WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

BACK IN KENT'S ROOM!
NO ONE SAW ME - SAY, THIS BOTTLE'S BEEN WASHED OUT!
WHO'S THERE?
SAY, MURDOCK, IS THIS FUNNY? TED'S STILL THE DUMB MOVIE PRODUCER. AN ENGLISH ACTOR IS TRYIN' TO SELL HIMSELF...
TALKIN' ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCE IN LONDON. TED ASKS "HOW LONG YOU BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY?"

"LET'S SEE," THE GUY SAYS, "I SPENT TWO MONTHS IN AMSTERDAM, THREE MONTHS IN LISBON, A MONTH IN HAVANA." THEN TED SAYS, "OKAY YOU BEEN HERE SIX MONTHS!"
IS THAT FUNNY?
TERRIFIC, BERT. HOW ABOUT BREAKFAST?
HAD MINE ALREADY. SEE YOU LATER.

HANGOVER?
YOU SAID IT!
THE MAID, LUCY, JUST FOUND IRENE...MURDERED!
MURDERED?
MURDERED. FENNER'S OVER THERE - SAYS FOR YOU TO COME.
WAIT'LL I EAT. CAN'T TAKE MURDER ON AN EMPTY STOMACH.

TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH, MURDOCK. THIS IS CHIEF EISENHART AND DETECTIVE O'DELL OF THE LOCAL POLICE.
WANNA TAKE A LOOK?
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?
NOTHING!

YOU WERE HERE LAST NIGHT.
THAT'S RIGHT. I WAS TAKING PICTURES.
AND BOOZING!
YES, AND BOOZING!
WHAT TIME'D YOU LEAVE?
ABOUT A QUARTER TO TWO.
SEE ANYBODY ABOUT?
THOUGHT I SAW GEORGE CRAIK A LITTLE LATER. I WAS TAKING A SWIM.

THAT'S ALL I CAN DO HERE! FUNNY-- THOSE MARKS ON THE THROAT TELL THE STORY, BUT SHE DOESN'T HAVE THAT LIVID COLOR THEY USUALLY GET FROM STRANGLING. YOU'LL GET A REPORT FROM THE CITY.
WHAT TIME DID SHE GET IT?
BETWEEN 1:30 AND 2:30, I'D SAY, BUT YOU CAN'T BE SURE.
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH. HUMPH! CAR PULLING UP. MUST BE KELLY TO TAKE PRINTS. ABOUT TIME, TOO!

IF THOSE GUYS'LL STAY GONE FOR A MINUTE.....

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?
HI, FENNER- JUST LOOKING.
MURDOCK, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CAMERA JUNK OUT OF HERE. BUT DON'T TRY TO LEAVE WITHOUT PERMISSION!
I GET IT, CHIEF. I'M YOUR BOY SO FAR, HUH?
SO FAR, MURDOCK, YOU'RE OUR NUMBER ONE BOY!

LITTLE LATER
LUCY!
YES, SIR?
DID IRENE TAKE SLEEPING POWDERS?
YES SIR, SHE DID.
HOW MANY WERE IN THAT BOX?
JUST SIX, SIR. I COUNTED 'EM YESTERDAY TO SEE IF WE NEEDED MORE.

AFTER PHONING HIS PAPER, MURDOCK GOES TO THE TERRACE FOR A DRINK...
THE LAST TIME I SAW IRENE ALIVE, SHE WAS WEARING A NIGHTGOWN - WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?....I WONDER....
WHILE THE GALS ARE SUNNING I CAN MAKE A LITTLE HAY!
THIS IS LINDA'S, I THINK. MIGHT AS WELL START HERE.

NOTHING HERE. I'LL TRY ANOTHER ROOM.
THIS MUST BE PAULINE'S ROOM.
SOMEONE'S COMING!

KENT HIDES IN THE CLOSET...

DAMN!
YOU CAN COME OUT, I'M DRESSED NOW.
I'M SORRY, PAULINE. I....
OKAY. YOU WEREN'T HIDING THERE JUST TO SEE A STRIP TEASE. WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING
WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR DIRTY CLOTHES ?
IN THERE.
AREN'T THERE ANY OTHER THINGS ?

ONLY DIRTY TOWELS. THEY GO IN A HAMPER IN THE BATHROOM.
THAT'S IT!
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?
THAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW! LISTEN, A WOMAN WOULDN'T PUT A NIGHTGOWN IN WITH THE DIRTY TOWELS, WOULD SHE?

NO. AT LEAST, I ALWAYS KEEP MY SILK THINGS SEPARATE.
BUT A MAN MIGHT NOT KNOW THAT.
.HOW LATE DO YOU STAY AT THIS PLACE WHERE YOU DANCE?
UNTIL TWO. THEN LLOYD BRINGS ME BACK HERE.
SO YOU'RE NEVER HERE UNTIL AFTER TWO. IF ANYONE WANTED TO PUT THIS NIGHTGOWN HERE HE WOULDN'T BE TAKING MUCH OF A CHANCE!

DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT THIS, PAULINE...TO ANYONE! IT'S AS MUCH AS YOUR LIFE IS WORTH IF THE KILLER FINDS OUT ABOUT IT!

AS MUCH AS MINE IS WORTH, TOO, IF THE COPS FIND ME WITH IT. BUT WHERE...?

WELL, NO ONE'S GOING TO STUMBLE ON IT AROUND MY WAIST! NOW FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT THE GUEST HOUSE... THERE'S SOMETHING...
SOMEONE'S BEAT ME TO IT!
FRONT DOOR LOCKED, JERRY?

SURE, EVERYBODY'S GOT A STREAK OF MORBID CURIOSITY. AH, YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY OTHER REASON, DID YOU?
WHY, I JUST... THAT IS.....
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? AND WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING, SNEAKING AROUND HERE?
ME...? JUST LOOKING FOR ONE OF MY LIGHT REFLECTORS. DIDN'T SEE IT, DID YOU?

NO...
WELL, IT'LL TURN UP, NO DOUBT. KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, JERRY!
SAY, CHIEF, I'VE GOT SOME PICTURES TO TAKE INTO BOSTON...
OH YOU HAVE, HUH? WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD, MURDOCK!

NOW BE REASONABLE. WOULD I TRY TO MAKE A RUN OUT, EVEN IF I WAS GUILTY?
I SUPPOSE NOT.... STILL...
STILL, I WORK FOR A BIG NEWSPAPER, CHIEF.
OKAY, YOU CAN GO. BE BACK THIS AFTERNOON FOR SURE!

HI, KENT! THE BOSS SENT ME DOWN TO COVER THIS MURDER! WHAT'S THE STORY?
WHY ASK ME? THE LAW'S IN THE DINING ROOM.
I'M DRIVING INTO BOSTON PRETTY SOON. TAKE YOU IN IF YOU'RE READY, PHIL.
OKAY, KENT.

COMING BACK, MURDOCK ?
THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY, FENNER ?
JUST CURIOUS.
I'M COMING BACK . WANT TO RIDE ALONG , JUST TO BE SURE ?
SURE ... COME ON, I HAVE TO TELL TED I'M GOING .

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! EITHER YOU LAY IT ON THE LINE TO ME, OR I'LL.....
YOU'LL WHAT, TOUGH BOY?
BEAT IT, CRAIK!
WHEN I'M READY...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, FENNER! CRAIK'S LEAVING NOW...

AND BE SURE YOUR SHAMUS FRIEND STAYS OUT OF MY WAY, BERNARD!
ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU GAVE ME THE LOWDOWN ON THAT BIRD?
NO. HE'S NOTHING TO DO WITH WHY YOU'RE HERE!
OKAY. I'M RIDING UP TO BOSTON WITH MURDOCK. BE BACK TONIGHT.
SURE, SURE.

WANT TO TAKE A PICTURE FOR ME ?
OF CRAIK, BY ANY CHANCE ?

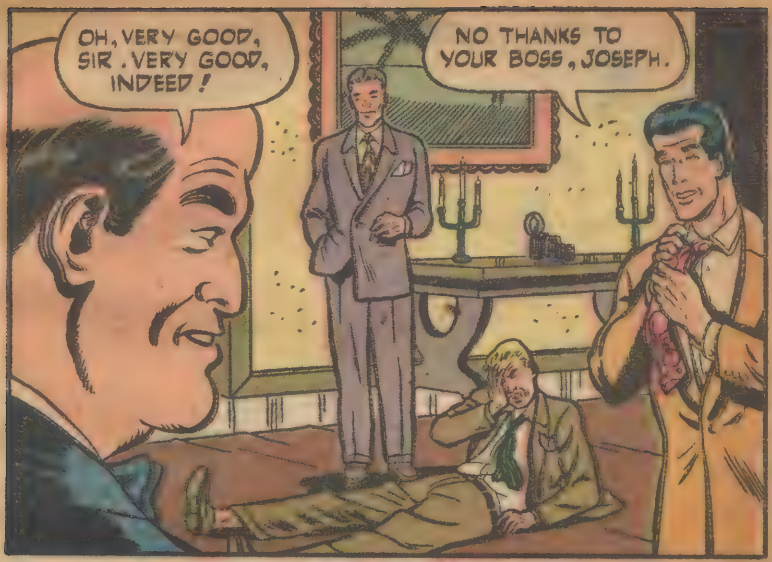
OF CRAIK. I'VE GOT HIS PRINTS ON A GLASS, BUT I WANT A PHOTO, TOO.
CAN DO. CAMERA'S IN MY ROOM.

STILL CARRY THIS OLD-FASHIONED STUFF ? LIABLE TO BLOW YOU UP, BOY !
YEAH, IT'S PRETTY WILD. BUT HANDY, SOMETIMES.
FLASH POWDER

OKAY, LET'S GO GET OUR LITTLE PORTRAIT.
HEY, CRAIK COME HERE A SECOND!

WHADDYA WANT, SHAMUS ?
HOLD IT, GEORGE !

LET'S HAVE IT, SMART BOY! I'M FUSSY ABOUT MY PICTURES!


OH, VERY GOOD, SIR. VERY GOOD, INDEED!
NO THANKS TO YOUR BOSS, JOSEPH.

YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO NEED MY HELP, LADDY.
HOW TRUE. WELL, COME ON. LET'S PICK UP DOANE AND HIT THE ROAD!

ON BOSTON, KENT DROPS DOANE AT THE COURIER BUILDING, THEN DRIVES FENNER TO A DIRTY GREY BUILDING DOWNTOWN....

HEY! THIS IS THE MORGUE!
SO IT IS.
HI, ALBERT! HOW'S BUSINESS? YOU KNOW, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE ONE OF YOUR CUSTOMERS!
HUMPH! M'WIFE SAYS I ACT LIKE ONE! WHADDYA WANT?
NO
WHO DID THE AUTOPSY ON ALEXANDER?
DOC MURPHY.

DOCTOR MURPHY? KENT MURDOCK, OF THE COURIER. ON THE ALEXANDER CASE, DOCTOR. ANY EVIDENCE OF INTERNAL BLEEDING IN THE CHEST CAVITY?
I'M AT THE MORGUE....YES I'LL WAIT.
A FEW MINUTES LATER....
ALL RIGHT, KENT, LET'S HAVE IT!
DOWNSTAIRS. I WANT TO SEE HER!

ENOUGH ?
YEAH.
WHAT THE HELL ? YOU FIGURING ON TAKING A BATH HERE ?

?
THIS IS IRENE'S NIGHTGOWN..THAT SPOT OF BLOOD WOULD BE NEAR THE HEART, WOULDN'T IT?
YES, WHAT WAS SHE STABBED WITH? THERE WAS NO VISIBLE WOUND.
A HATPIN.
HATPIN? HELL. NOBODY WEARS THEM ANYMORE.
IRENE DID. IT WAS IN THE HAT IN HER BEDROOM THIS MORNING!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE BLEEDING, MURDOCK. THAT'S WHAT KILLED HER. THE THROAT MARKS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH. MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN MADE AFTER SHE WAS STABBED, JUST TO CONFUSE EVERYBODY!
SMART WORK, KENT. BUT BE CAREFUL.... YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET! WELL, I'LL MEET YOU AT YOUR APARTMENT LATER. SO LONG!
NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS ON HIS MIND?

KENT GOES TO HIS ROOM IN BOSTON TO CHANGE HIS CLOTHES.
NOW, WHO'S THAT ?

WHERE IS IT?
I DROPPED IT AT THE PAPER.
LIKE HELL! TRUCK HERE WAS WATCHING THE BUILDING.
AIN'T THAT IT?

LAY OFF MY CAMERAS, CRAIK!

DO YOU GIVE IT TO US, OR DO WE SMASH THE CAMERAS?
OKAY, CRAIK.
DON'T TRY ANYTHING, MURDOCK!
HELLO, CRAIK. PLAYING WITH THAT THING AGAIN, HUH?
OKAY, SHAMUS, WE CAN HANDLE YOU, TOO.

TAKE ALL THE PLATES, HUGO!
SURE, CRAIK.
HERE THEY.....
WHAT THE HELL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
SUDDENLY FENNER DRAWS A GUN.

USE IT, OR PUT IT DOWN

... AND DISARMS CRAIK!

NOW GET OUT, BEFORE I DECIDE TO RUN YOU IN!
YOU WON'T GET THE CHANCE NEXT TIME, SHAMUS!
WHAT NOW, MURDOCK?
THE COURIER BUILDING TO DEVELOP THIS STUFF, THEN BACK TO CLIFFWOOD!

LATER
IT'LL TAKE A FEW MINUTES, THAT'S ALL.
NO ADMITTANCE DARK ROOM
SAY, JACK, I FORGOT SOMETHING. BE RIGHT BACK.

MIGHT AS WELL DEVELOP THESE, TOO.
TURNS AWFUL EASY.... I WONDER..?
EMPTY!

AFTER LEAVING PHOTO AND FINGERPRINTS OF CRAIK WITH BOSTON POLICE, MURDOCK AND FENNER RETURN TO CLIFFWOOD...
WHICH ONE OF YOU IS MURDOCK?
THAT'S ME.
LIEUTENANT HAGAN'S IN THE LIBRARY. WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!
SURPRISE!

OLD HOME WEEK AT CLIFFWOOD.
THIS HAGAN MUST BE RUNNING IN HIGH GEAR.
I'M MURDOCK, LIEUTENANT. WHAT'S UP?
PLENTY! WE AREN'T SWALLOWING THAT STORY OF YOURS.

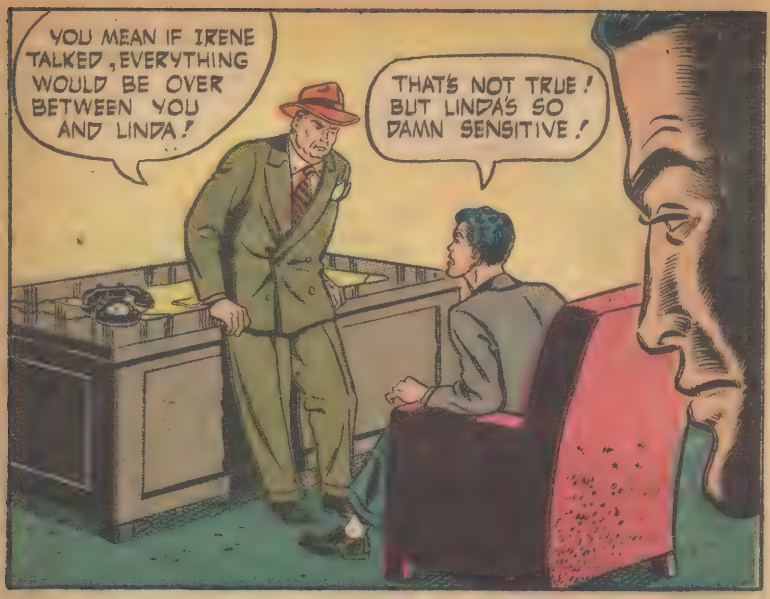
YOU WERE WITH IRENE. YOU DID A LOT OF DRINKING. YOU CAN'T PROVE YOU LEFT AT A QUARTER TO TWO.
CRAIK MUST HAVE SEEN ME AT THE POOL!
CRAIK DENIES IT.
GOT A MOTIVE FIGURED OUT, TOO?

DON'T NEED A MOTIVE...A DRUNKEN BRAWL, A WOMAN WHO RESISTED YOU AND STARTED TO YELL..YOU GRABBED HER BY THE THROAT TO SILENCE HER. THAT'S ENOUGH!
ENOUGH, IF TRUE. BUT YOU SEE, LIEUTENANT, IRENE WASN'T STRANGLED. SHE WAS STABBED... WITH A HATPIN!

KENT'S STORY IS VERIFIED. THE HATPIN IS FOUND...
THAT'S A BREAK FOR YOU, MURDOCK. STABBING SUGGESTS PREMEDITATION, AND WE HAVEN'T GOT A MOTIVE THAT FITS YOU.
LET'S QUESTION THE OTHERS AGAIN. MURDOCK AND FENNER CAN STAY

JERRY GORDON IS QUESTIONED....
HOW LONG DOES THIS QUESTIONING GO ON?
THAT DEPENDS ON THE ANSWERS WE GET..
IS THIS LIGHTER YOURS?
YES.

KNOW WHERE WE FOUND IT?
IN THE GUEST HOUSE, I IMAGINE. I LEFT IT THERE LAST NIGHT.
WHY DID YOU GO THERE?
I TOLD IRENE NOT TO GO AROUND GIVING LINDA ANY REASON TO BE JEALOUS!


YOU MEAN IF IRENE TALKED, EVERYTHING WOULD BE OVER BETWEEN YOU AND LINDA!
THAT'S NOT TRUE! BUT LINDA'S SO DAMN SENSITIVE!

WHAT TIME DID YOU GO TO THE GUEST HOUSE?
ABOUT NINE... I LEFT AT NINE THIRTY.

THE VINCENT GIRL SAW YOU GOING THERE AT MIDNIGHT!
ALL RIGHT,, ALL RIGHT! I'D LEFT THE CIGARETTE CASE AND WAS RETURNING FOR IT. BUT I SAW IRENE ARGUING WITH TED OUTSIDE, SO I DECIDED TO GET IT SOME OTHER TIME....
BERT REMINGTON'S STORY.....
DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY SOMEONE MIGHT WANT TO KILL IRENE ALEXANDER?
NO, UNLESS MAYBE HER TEMPER. WHEN SHE GOT NASTY, A GUY MIGHT GO OUT OF CONTROL.

SHE AND BERNARD WERE DIVORCED... WHY DID SHE COME DOWN HERE ?
NO SPECIAL REASON, FAR'S I KNOW. SHE AND TED WERE STILL FRIENDS. SHE WAS OFTEN HERE.
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT ?
WENT TO BED ABOUT TEN THIRTY, BUT I CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING. I WAS A LITTLE DRUNK I GUESS.

BERT KNOCKED OFF A QUART OF SCOTCH BEFORE HE WENT TO BED, HAGAN. HE WAS IN NO CONDITION TO DO THE JOB.
THAT'S NO ALIBI. HE MIGHT NOT GET AS DRUNK ON A QUART AS YOU WOULD ON A PINT. IT ALL DEPENDS....
MAYBE. BUT REMINGTON WAS DRUNK AS A COOT. HE GETS THAT WAY EVERY NIGHT!

LLOYD BERNARD'S STORY...
YOU HAD A QUARREL WITH IRENE LAST NIGHT!
YES ... THAT IS ... WELL, YES.
WHAT ABOUT?
I WANTED TO MAKE ANOTHER TOUCH, BUT SHE DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA THIS TIME!

PRETTY HEAVILY IN DEBT, AREN'T YOU?
SO WHAT? I WASN'T EVEN HERE WHEN SHE WAS KILLED! I STARTED FOR THE CLUB ESQUIRE AT TWENTY TO TWO!
SO YOU SAY. NO ONE SAW YOU.... BUT PAULINE SAYS YOU ARRIVED LATER THAN USUAL THAT NIGHT!

DONALD LASKY GIVES HIS ACCOUNT....
YOU'RE IRENE'S AGENT?
THAT'S RIGHT...AGENT AND BUSINESS MANAGER.
YOU HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH HER YESTERDAY, IN WHICH SHE ACCUSED YOU OF A SHORTAGE IN HER ACCOUNTS.
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, LIEUTENANT.

SHE DIDN'T TELL YOU SHE WANTED AN ACCOUNTING? SHE DIDN'T SAY, "AND IF I FIND YOU'RE OUT OF LINE YOU'LL EITHER MAKE GOOD OR GO TO JAIL?"
SHE DID NOT!
THEN SUPPOSE WE CALL HER MAID, LUCY, IN HERE AND HAVE HER TELL YOU WHAT WAS SAID.
I'D FORGOTTEN LUCY WAS HOVERING ABOUT— BUT THAT ARGUMENT HAS NO BEARING ON THE MURDER!

IRENE DID ACCUSE ME. SHE ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE WAS BEING GYPPED. WHEN I SAID I'D NEED TIME TO MAKE AN ACCOUNTING, SHE BLEW UP!
. WAS THERE A SHORTAGE?
CERTAINLY NOT! IF THERE HAD BEEN, I COULD HAVE MADE IT GOOD..
NOW YOU WON'T HAVE TO... OR WILL YOU? WHO GETS HER ESTATE?

TED GETS EVERYTHING!
OH, HE DOES? HOW MUCH?
ABOUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND, PLUS A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR TRUST FUND THAT TED SET UP AS PART OF THE DIVORCE SETTLEMENT.
WAS TED HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE ALIMONY?

HE WAS TEN MONTHS BEHIND. IRENE EXPECTED TO HAVE A FIGHT ABOUT IT.
WHERE DID YOU STAY LAST NIGHT, LASKY?
THE STATLER, IN BOSTON.
YOU MIGHT HAVE GONE IN AND OUT OF THERE A DOZEN TIMES WITHOUT BEING NOTICED! ANOTHER GUY WITH NO ALIBI!

LASKY LEAVES.
WHO'S THE RED-HOT SUSPECT NOW, HAGAN?
WELL, YOU'RE JUST ONE AMONG MANY, MURDOCK....OUR LITTLE IRENE HAD LOTS OF FRIENDS!
SHE HADN'T BEEN HERE A DAY BEFORE SHE FOUGHT WITH EVERY MAN IN THE PLACE...AND NOT AN ALIBI IN THE BUNCH!

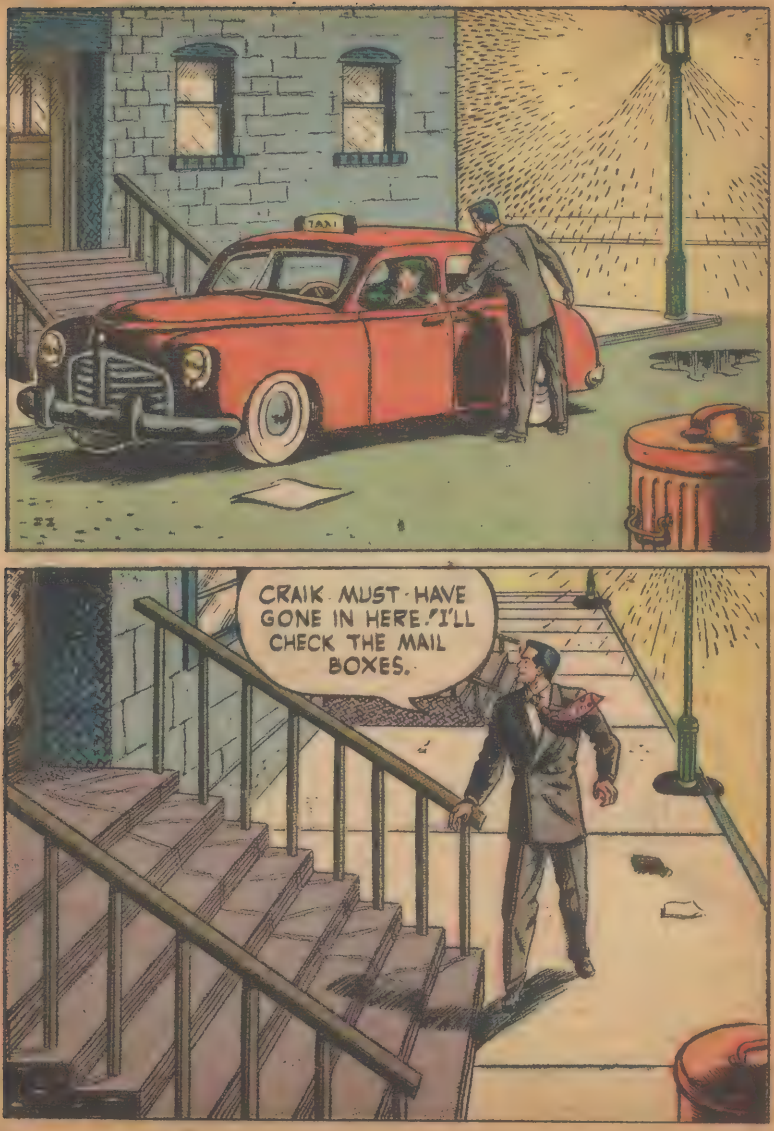
YOU'RE FREE TO MOVE ABOUT AS LONG AS YOU DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY FROM BOSTON! I'LL WANT TO QUESTION YOU ALL AGAIN, SOON!
THAT NIGHT TED'S SHOW IS ON THE AIR. AFTERWARD AT THE STUDIO, KENT AND FENNER ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE .....
GOOD SHOW, BERT.
THANKS, LINDA. WHERE YOU AND JERRY GOING?
THE COPLEY.
GOOD. SEE YOU LATER!

I HAVEN'T SEEN CRAIK ALL DAY, JACK. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE HANGS OUT?
HIS CLOTHES ARE STILL AT CLIFFWOOD. HE'LL BE BACK, KENT.
YEAH, BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HE DOES IN BOSTON. THE GUY INTERESTS ME.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. BUT HOW YOU GOING TO FIND HIM?

THERE'S A HOT PIANIST AT THE SWING TAVERN. I GOT A HUNCH CRAIK MAY HEAD THERE TO HEAR HIM.
WELL, GO AHEAD. I'M GOING TO HEADQUARTERS TO SEE IF THEY'VE GOT ANY DOPE ON THE BOY.
CHECK! I'LL CALL YOU, JACK, IF I PICK HIM UP. TAXI!

THERE'S CRAIK... AND GETTING READY TO LEAVE!
...AT THE SWING TAVERN
TELEPHONE

GET ON TO THAT HACK AND DON'T LOSE IT !
KEEP GOING ! STOP AROUND THE CORNER OUT OF SIGHT !


TAXI
CRAIK MUST HAVE GONE IN HERE. I'LL CHECK THE MAIL BOXES.

HERE'S A DOWN PAYMENT ON WHAT I OWE YOU WISE GUY!

SOME TIME LATER...
HE'S COMING TO.
PUT HIM ON THE STRETCHER!
CLEAR OUT! I'M ALL RIGHT!
YOU MIGHT HAVE A CONCUSSION, MISTER...

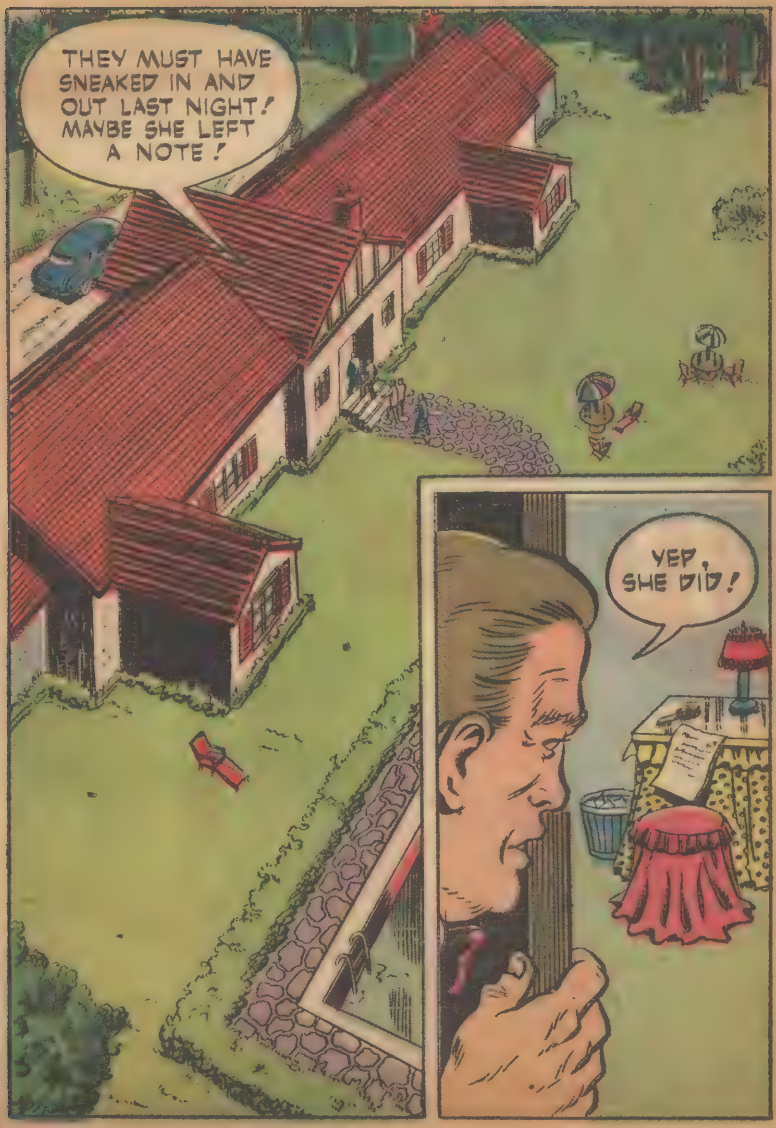
LISTEN, MISTER.... DON'T TAKE A CHANCE... YOU MIGHT HAVE A SERIOUS HEAD INJURY!
MAYBE I HAVE. I'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER ABOUT IT! ....HEY TAXI!
TAXI
MURDOCK MEETS FENNER AND TELLS HIM ABOUT THE ENCOUNTER. FENNER REPORTS WHAT HE HAS FOUND OUT...
CRAIK'S WANTED IN L.A. ON A DOZEN COUNTS! HE USED TO DO THE DIRTY WORK FOR A GAMBLER OUT THERE.

THEY'LL HAVE A NET OUT FOR HIM THEN.
YEAH. BUT HOW DOES HE TIE UP WITH THIS MURDER?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT IF HE DOES I'M GOING TO FIND IT OUT!

NEXT MORNING AT CLIFFWOOD. MURDOCK GETS THE PICTURES HE WANTED.
THAT DOES IT, TED. THANKS!
NOW I WANT SOME OF YOU, KENT... LET BERT TAKE YOUR CAMERA.
OH NO. I...
SURE. GIVE ME THAT LEICA. I KNOW HOW TO WORK IT.

THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
THIS WIRE JUST CAME, MR. BERNARD.

WHY, THE YOUNG SCAMPS! JERRY AND LINDA HAVE ELOPED!
WHAT?
WELL, THAT'S GOOD NEWS! JERRY'S A FINE BOY!
AND HE'S GOT PLENTY OF MONEY!


THEY MUST HAVE SNEAKED IN AND OUT LAST NIGHT! MAYBE SHE LEFT A NOTE!
YEP, SHE DID!

SHE SAYS SHE'LL WRITE US WHEN THEY GET OUT WEST.
THIS CALLS FOR A DRINK. COME ON!

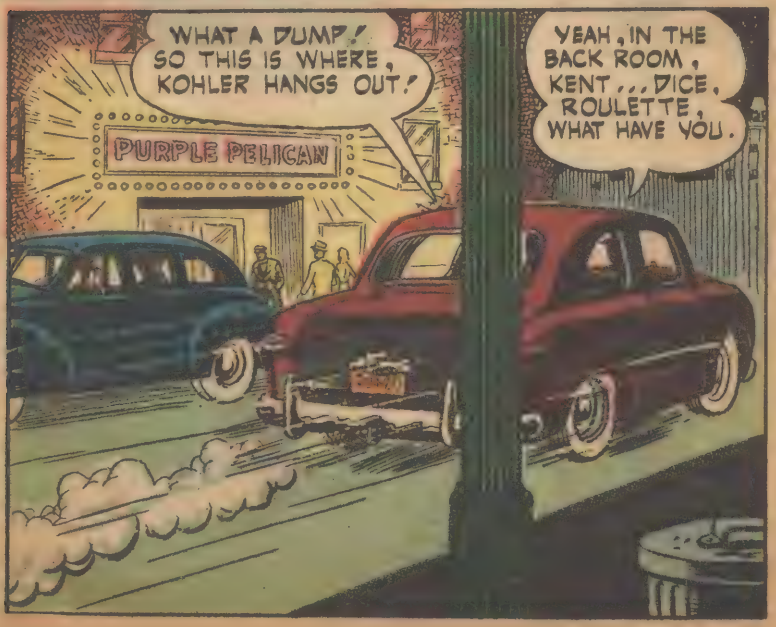
SAW HAGAN THIS MORNING. TED'S NUMBER ONE ON THEIR LIST NOW!
HAVE THEY GOT A CASE?
LLOYD GAVE 'EM ONE! TOLD HAGAN HE WENT IN TO SEE TED THAT NIGHT ABOUT TWO THIRTY. TED WASN'T IN HIS ROOM!

THE MOTIVE WAS MONEY, I SUPPOSE!
YEAH. TED'S ALWAYS UP-TO HIS EARS IN DEBT. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HE DOES WITH THE JACK HE MAKES!
WELL, HAGAN'S A SHARP BOY. BUT I THINK HE'S SNIFFIN' AT THE WRONG FIREPLUG THIS TIME!

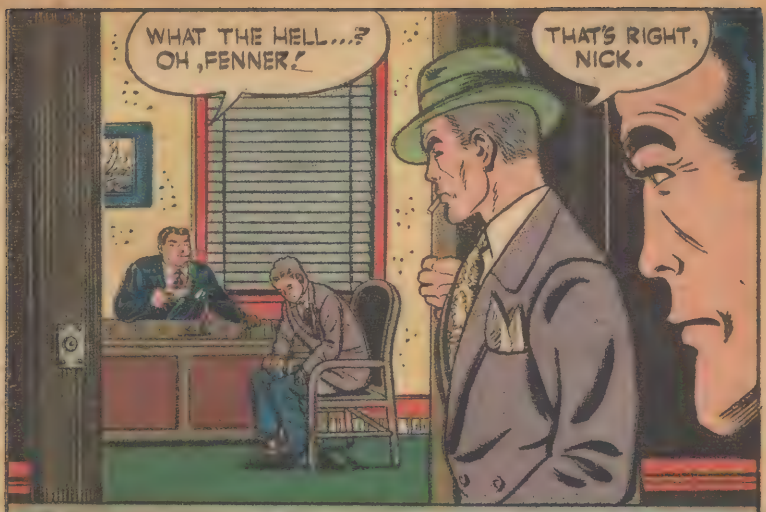
THAT NIGHT, SOME OF THE SUSPECTS HAVE A PARTY AT THE CLUB ESQUIRE ...PAULINE'S JUST FINISHED HER NUMBER...
YOU WERE SWELL, HONEY!
TERRIFIC, NO LESS!
PHONE CALL FOR YOU, MR. BERNARD.
OKAY. 'SCUSE ME, EVERYBODY. BE RIGHT BACK.

LOOKS LIKE JACK'S GOING TO CUT IN.
NOT WITH THAT EXPRESSION! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!
WHAT'S UP, JACK?
LLOYD'S GONE! THAT PHONE CALL WAS A TRICK. TWO OF NICK KOHLER'S BOYS GRABBED HIM OUT FRONT.

SURE IT WAS KOHLER ?
WHO ELSE ? NICK'S BEEN AFTER HIM FOR MONTHS !
Esquire
KENT AND JACK LEAVE TO INVESTIGATE .....


WHAT A DUMP ! SO THIS IS WHERE, KOHLER HANGS OUT !
PURPLE PELICAN
YEAH, IN THE BACK ROOM, KENT ... DICE, ROULETTE, WHAT HAVE YOU.

MURDOCK AND FENNER ENTER THE CLUB PURPLE PELICAN.
THIS WAY, KENT...
HOLD IT, BUD...
PRIVAT
YOU HOLD IT.! I'M TIRED!



THEY FIND LLOYD BERNARD IN THE GAMBLER'S OFFICE ...

WHEN DID YOU START THE KIDNAPING, KOHLER?
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? LLOYD JUST CAME OUT TO SEE ME ABOUT A BUSINESS MATTER! HOW ABOUT IT, LLOYD?

SURE IT'S OKAY, JACK. JUST A BUSINESS DEAL.
YEAH? WELL, IT'S A SMELLY ONE! COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU... I HAD A LITTLE BUSINESS DEAL WITH YOUR BOY OUT FRONT! YOU'LL NEED A NEW ONE. GOOD NIGHT, NICK!
PRIVATE

WHAT'S THE STORY LLOYD ?
NOTHING ! I TOLD YOU , NICK JUST WANTED TO SEE ME. FORGET IT .
OKAY , I WILL . BUT I'LL BET NICK KOHLER WON'T !

SAY, JACK, I'M STOPPING OFF HERE AT CLIFFWOOD... YOU AND LLOYD TAKE THE CAR BACK TO THE PARTY.
LLOYD CAN... I'M IN NO MOOD FOR PARTYING, EITHER.
I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING, JACK... CRAIK MAY BE BACK FOR HIS CLOTHES. I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS HIM!

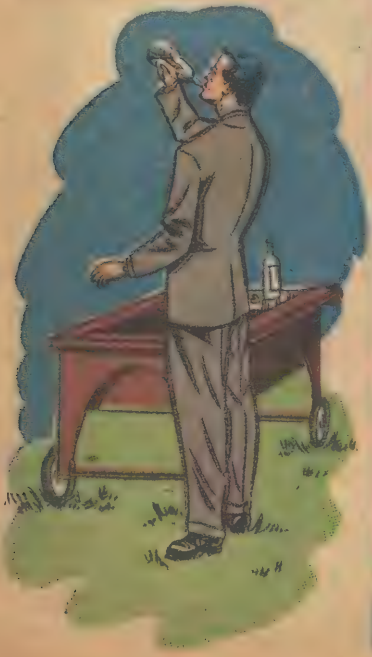
HELLO, JOE ... ANY SIGN OF CRAIK ?
NO, HIS CLOTHES ARE STILL HERE, THOUGH.
ANYONE AROUND ?
TED'S IN HIS ROOM, BERT'S DRUNK ON THE TERRACE. THAT'S ALL.
LEAVE US TO THE TERRACE, THEN, KENT MY BOY!

NEITHER WIND NOR SLEET SHALL STOP BERT FROM KNOCKING OVER A FIFTH A NIGHT!
HE MUST HAVE A COPPER-BOTTOMED STOMACH!
HOPE TED'S RESTING WELL. GOT A HUNCH MY CLIENT WILL BE BEHIND BARS TOMORROW
POOR GUY! BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE HIM FOR THE JOB!

NEITHER CAN I. MATTER OF FACT, I THINK I COULD SPRING HIM PRETTY FAST
AH, THE MYSTERIOUS MR. FENNER IS HOLDING OUT ON ME!
NOT MUCH--BUT YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW... UNLESS HAGAN CHANGES HIS MIND ABOUT TED.

JACK'S ACTING FUNNY AGAIN! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW...
I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOME OF REMINGTON'S PRIVATE STOCK. HE LEFT A LITTLE IN THE BOTTLE.

MIGHTY SMOOTH...



TOO DAMNED SMOOTH. BUT WHAT...? WELL, MAYBE I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL HAGAN TOMORROW, TOO!

LATE THAT NIGHT, KENT IS AWAKENED ...
WHO'S THERE?
KENT! DON'T! IT'S ME ... HELEN SANDERSON...

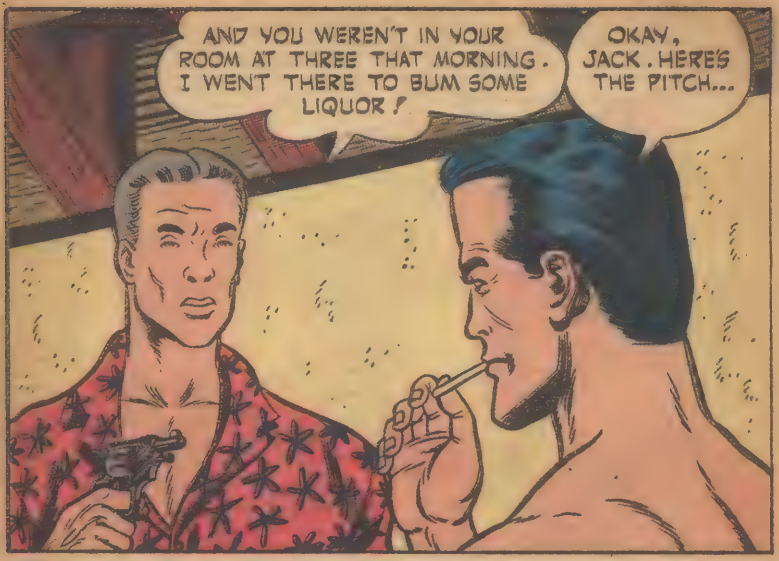
I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU, KENT.
IT'S ABOUT TED...THE POLICE SUSPECT HIM, DON'T THEY?
THEY'VE GOT A STRONG CASE, HELEN.

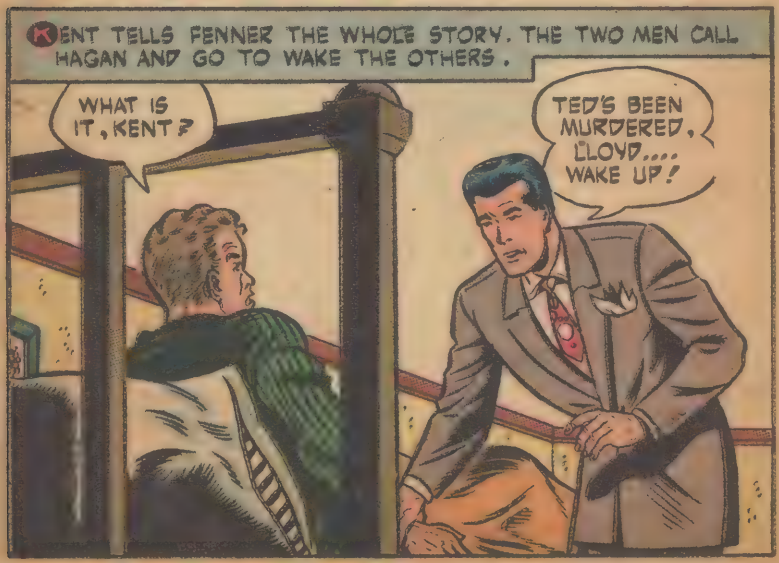
HE'S GOT AN ALIBI, KENT, BUT HE WON'T USE IT.
HE WAS IN MY ROOM THE NIGHT IRENE WAS KILLED... ALL NIGHT.
DIDN'T LEAVE AT ALL ?
ONLY FOR A MINUTE, ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK, TO GET SOME CIGARETTES.

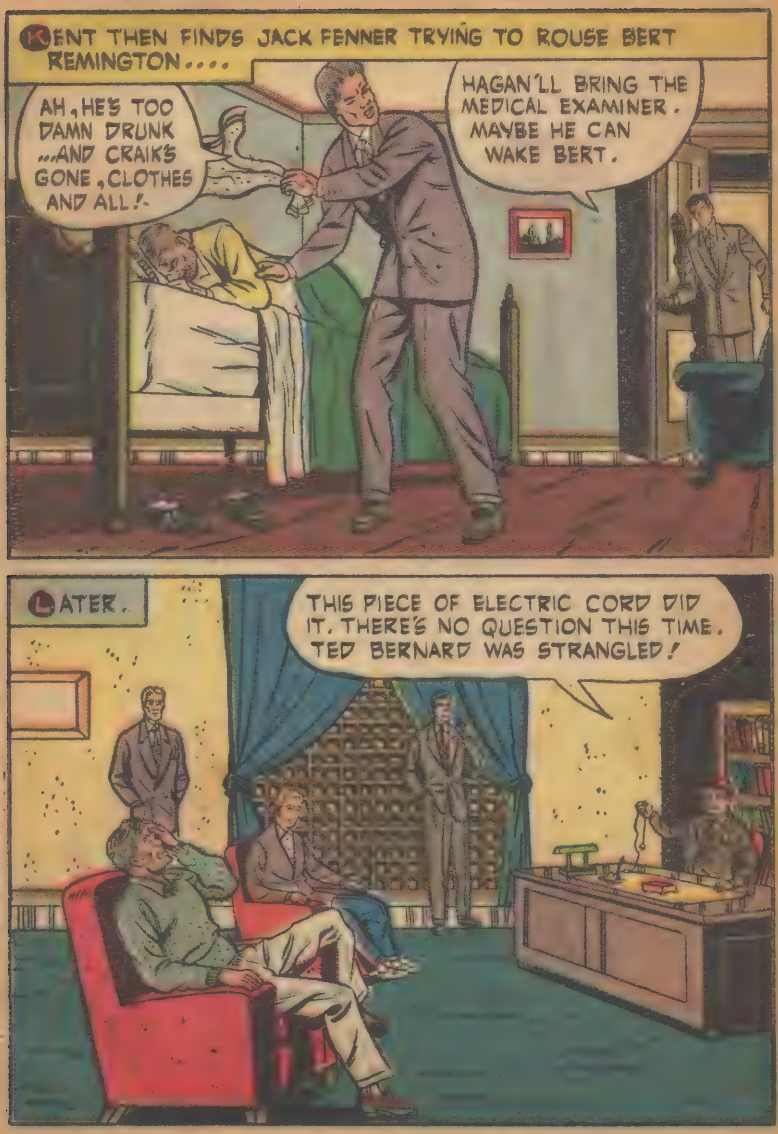
KENT HEARS A CAR ....
THEN...HMM. THAT CAR DOESN'T BELONG HERE!
I'M GOING TO SEE WHO THAT IS... WAIT HERE!
Y8926

DOANE! GET OUT TO THE SOUTHERN ARTERY. A BIG CAR MAY COME IN THAT WAY, LICENSE Y 8926. TAIL IT AND FIND OUT WHERE IT GOES.
WHAT THE HELL ?
YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES, MURDOCK! TALK!

YOU NUTS, FENNER? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
TED BERNARD'S UPSTAIRS, MURDOCK... DEAD!
YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?
I FOUND YOUR TRICK FIFTY CENT PIECE IN IRENE'S ROOM, BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVED.


AND YOU WEREN'T IN YOUR ROOM AT THREE THAT MORNING. I WENT THERE TO BUM SOME LIQUOR!
OKAY, JACK. HERE'S THE PITCH...


KENT TELLS FENNER THE WHOLE STORY. THE TWO MEN CALL HAGAN AND GO TO WAKE THE OTHERS.
WHAT IS IT, KENT?
TED'S BEEN MURDERED, LLOYD.... WAKE UP!


KENT THEN FINDS JACK FENNER TRYING TO ROUSE BERT REMINGTON....
AH, HE'S TOO DAMN DRUNK ...AND CRAIK'S GONE, CLOTHES AND ALL!-
HAGAN'LL BRING THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. MAYBE HE CAN WAKE BERT.
LATER.
THIS PIECE OF ELECTRIC CORD DID IT. THERE'S NO QUESTION THIS TIME. TED BERNARD WAS STRANGLED!

WELL, REMINGTON... YOU GOT ANYTHING TO SAY NOW? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS CRAIK GUY?
GUESS IT WON'T HURT TO TALK NOW. HE WAS HERE COLLECTING ON A GAMBLING DEBT TED OWED OUT WEST.
A THOUSAND A WEEK, CRAIK WAS TAKING FROM TED THAT'S WHY TED WAS SO HARD UP.
WE'LL PICK HIM UP, ALL RIGHT. BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU BIRDS?

IF YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THE FINGER ON ME, DON'T JUST SKIP THE FACT THAT I WAS DRUNK...I'M A HAS-BEEN, HAGAN...
TED PAID ME TWO HUNDRED A WEEK...CHARITY! I'VE SAVED A LITTLE. WHEN THAT'S GONE...I'LL BE BUMMING DRINKS ON VINE STREET!
I'LL BE ON RELIEF... AND YOU TALK ABOUT ALIBIS!

NOW YOU, LLOYD.. YOU GOING TO COME CLEAN?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WITH TED OUT OF THE WAY, YOU GET HIS ESTATE, PLUS IRENE'S! AND YOU OWE A LOT OF MONEY TO NICK KOHLER!
YOU....

YOU SAID YOU ARGUED WITH IRENE BECAUSE YOU WANTED TO BORROW MONEY. THAT'S A LIE! YOU'D GIVEN HER A BUM CHECK....
1
AND YOU GAVE ONE TO NICK KOHLER!
WHEN I WOKE YOU UP TONIGHT, YOU HADN'T BEEN ASLEEP...

LET'S SEE YOUR WRISTS!
HEY WHAT TH-?
STEADY, LLOYD!
SCRATCHES LIKE A STRANGLER WOULD GET.
THAT'S ENOUGH! TAKE HIM AWAY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
GOING IN TO BOSTON, MURDOCK?
SURE, BERT... PILE IN.
EVERYONE'S LEAVING, HUH?
YEAH, WE'RE CLOSING THE PLACE.

TED KEPT AN APARTMENT HERE; I'LL USE IT UNTIL THE FUNERAL. SO LONG, KENT AND JACK!
OKAY, BERT.
U.S MAIL
WHAT NOW?
NOW I'M GOING TO FIND GEORGE CRAIK!

THAT AFTERNOON MURDOCK LEARNS FROM DOANE THAT THE DRIVER OF THE CAR THE NIGHT BEFORE WAS CRAIK, AND THAT HE'D GONE TO A SHABBY TWO-FAMILY DWELLING ON BURTENHOUSE ROAD. HE ALSO LEARNED....
LINDA AND JERRY DIDN'T ELOPE! THAT WIRE WAS SENT BY CRAIK!
HOW'D YOU STUMBLE ON THAT?
LINDA APPARENTLY TOOK SOME BAGGAGE, REMEMBER? BUT SHE LEFT AN EXPENSIVE FITTED CASE! NO GIRL GOING ON A HONEYMOON WOULD DO THAT!

THE TELEGRAPH CLERK AT POHASSET IDENTIFIED CRAIK'S PHOTO.
LIGHTS UPSTAIRS HERE. GOING TO CHARGE RIGHT IN?
RIGHT! AND KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY!

UPSTAIRS
WHO IS IT ?
IT'S THE LANDLORD! OPEN UP!

JACK FENNER SHOOTS FIRST...
WHERE IS SHE, TRUCK?
IN THE BEDROOM.

I OUGHT TO PLUG YOU, TOO, TRUCK!
I DIDN'T DO A THING, FENNER! IT WAS CRAIK!
HE'S IN ANOTHER ROOM... HE'S OKAY.
WHAT ABOUT GORDON?
SHE'S BEEN DRUGGED. PROBABLY JUST AS WELL.

YOU'VE GOT A KEY COLLECTION, HAVEN'T YOU, JACK?
YEAH. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
LET ME TAKE YOUR KEYS... I'VE GOT ANOTHER CALL TO MAKE... YOU STAY HERE TILL THE COPS COME.
LISTEN, KENT, DON'T.....

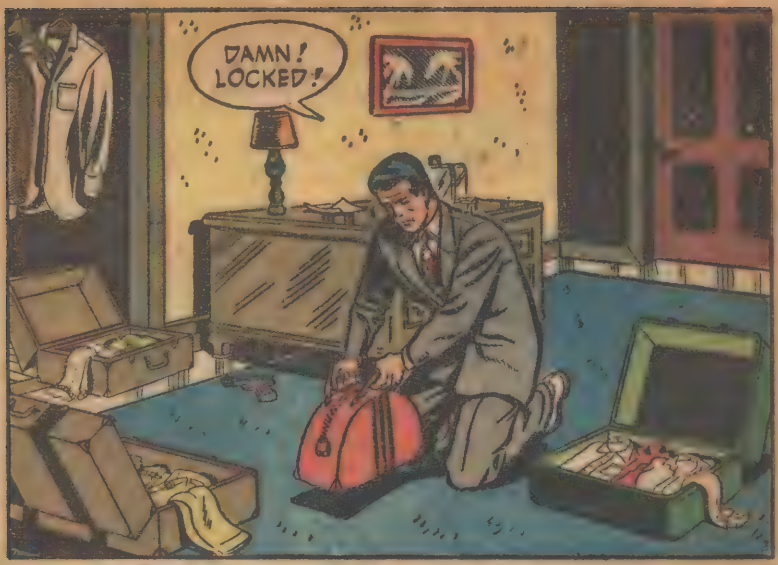
GET ON THAT PHONE AND CALL THE COPS, TRUCK... SNAP IT UP!
AND KENT MURDOCK GOES ALONE ON HIS ERRAND.
BETTER MAKE A LITTLE PHONE CALL, FIRST!

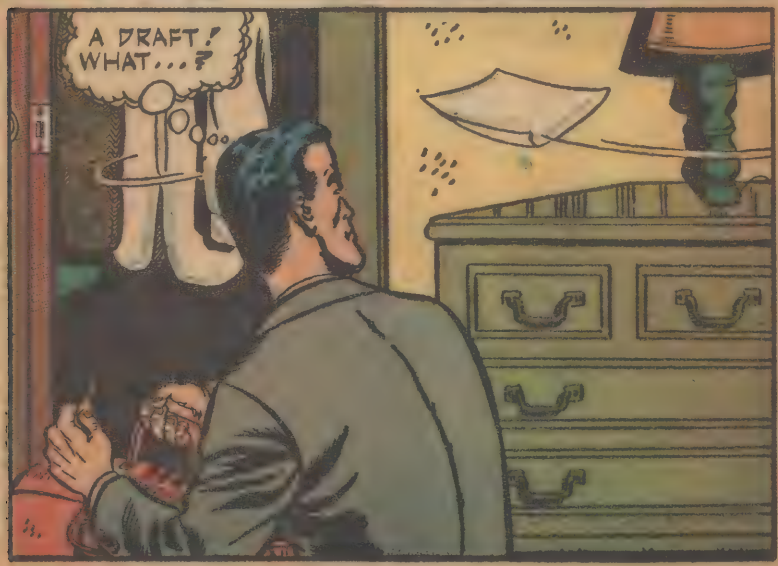
NO, SIR, HE ISN'T IN.
THANKS.
DRUG
KENT ENTERS THE CHARLESVIEW....

THREE, PLEASE.
ONE OF THESE OUGHT TO WORK!
3W

NOW, WHERE'S THE BEDROOM?
NOTHING HERE... WHERE...?

MAYBE IN ONE OF THOSE...


DAMN! LOCKED!

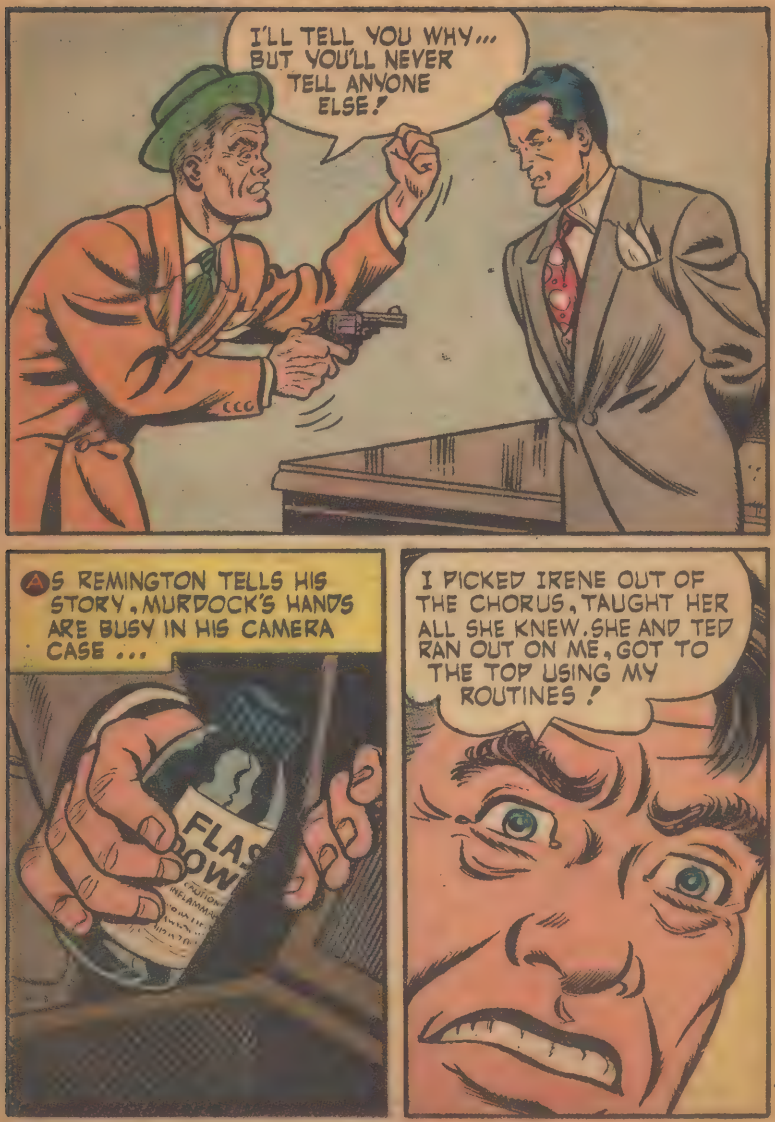

A DRAFT! WHAT...?

DON'T TOUCH IT!

KICK THE GUN OVER!
COME ON. WE'LL FINISH IT IN THE OTHER ROOM!

WELL, BERT... I THINK I'VE GOT IT FIGURED OUT NOW.
KNEW IT WAS ME ALL THE TIME. DIDN'T YOU?
NO...THAT WHISKY ROUTINE HAD ME FOOLED.
.. UNTIL THE NIGHT TED WAS KILLED.

I SAMPLED SOME OF YOUR SCOTCH THAT NIGHT. IT WAS WATERED. AND THEN THERE WERE THE SOX TUCKED IN THE SHOES.
WHAT ?
WHEN YOU PUT ME IN IRENE'S ROOM, YOU PUT MY SOX IN THE SHOES. THE NIGHT YOU KILLED TED I NOTICED THAT WAS A HABIT OF YOURS.
BUT I NEVER DID KNOW WHY YOU KILLED HER.


I'LL TELL YOU WHY... BUT YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYONE ELSE!
AS REMINGTON TELLS HIS STORY, MURDOCK'S HANDS ARE BUSY IN HIS CAMERA CASE ...
I PICKED IRENE OUT OF THE CHORUS, TAUGHT HER ALL SHE KNEW. SHE AND TED RAN OUT ON ME, GOT TO THE TOP USING MY ROUTINES!

I GOT EVEN WITH THEM FOUR YEARS AGO. A GUY WAS KILLED IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL, AND TED AND IRENE WERE RESPONSIBLE. I COVERED FOR 'EM AND THEY GAVE ME A SIGNED CONFESSION.
FLASH
POWDER
BEEN COLLECTING ON IT EVER SINCE. IRENE WANTED A SHOWDOWN, AND THAT'S WHY I KILLED HER.
TED GOT IT BECAUSE YOU KNEW HE FIGURED YOU FOR THE KILLER, HUH?
YOU'RE SMART, MURDOCK.

HE TOLD ME HE'D BEEN WITH HELEN. WENT TO MY ROOM FOR CIGARETTES, SO HE KNEW I WASN'T IN BED...SAID HE'D TELL EVERYTHING BEFORE HE'D BRING HELEN INTO IT. HA! HA!
YOU KIDNAPED LINDA AND JERRY BECAUSE YOU WERE GOING TO NEED MORE MONEY, AND JERRY HAD IT! PRETTY GOOD, BERT!

THAT'S ENOUGH CHATTER, MURDOCK.
OKAY. IF YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT, YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT. DO I GET A CIGARETTE?
SURE, THAT'S CUSTOMARY, AIN'T IT?

SMOKE IT FAST, MURDOCK. I GOT NO TIME TO WASTE!
THAT'S RIGHT, BERT. IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!

MURDOCK DROPS THE LIGHTED MATCH INTO THE FLASHLIGHT POWDER . . . .

PRETTY SMART, MURDOCK! BUT I'M NOT THROUGH YET!
MURDOCK'S HAND CLOSES ON THE FALLEN GUN...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
WANT ANY MORE, BERT?

REMINGTON SLOWLY DRAWS MURDOCK'S GUN FROM HIS POCKET.
DON'T TRY TO GET THAT GUN, REMINGTON!
YOU CAN'T DO IT, YOU FOOL! DROP IT!

I SAID DROP IT!
DAMN YOU, MURDOCK...WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT STRAIGHT AND FINISH ME?
I MISSED ON PURPOSE! DID YOU THINK I'D GIVE YOU THE EASY WAY OUT?

KENT...! WHAT THE HELL....?
IT'S OKAY, JACK.
LINDA GAVE US THE STORY. WE GOT HERE AS FAST AS WE COULD... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING ?
LOOKING FOR SOME PERSONAL PROPERTY!

WELL, MURDOCK, YOU SURE SEWED THIS ONE UP! YOUNG BERNARD'S CLEARED, ANYWAY -- GOT THOSE SCRATCHES HAVING A FIGHT WITH TED. I FIGURE....
THANKS, HAGAN. SOMEDAY I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT. RIGHT NOW, FENNER'S BUYING ME A DRINK.

WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT FOR US BEFORE YOU TACKLED THAT NUT? YOU MIGHT HAVE GOT YOURSELF KILLED!
WE'LL STOP AT THE COURIER, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY!
THAT WHAT YOU TOOK FROM THE BAG?
RIGHT. LET'S DEVELOP IT.
NO ADMITTANCE DARK ROOM

MURDOCK DEVELOPS THE ROLL, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER ENLARGES ONE OF THE SHOTS.
THAT'S WHY I HAD TO BEAT THE POLICE TO IT, JACK. HE HAD ME FRAMED, BUT GOOD!
HEY, KENT, THEY FOUND CRAIK!
YEAH, DOANE? HOW LONG HAD HE BEEN DEAD?

HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?
WELL, REMINGTON COULDN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE HIM ALIVE....
CRAIK MUST HAVE SEEN HIM THE NIGHT HE KILLED IRENE. BERT LET HIM IN ON THE KIDNAPING TO BUY HIM OFF.

BUT YOU CAN'T BUY THAT KIND OF INFORMATION JUST ONCE. YOU PAY FOREVER, AND BERT HAD NO INTENTION OF DOING THAT. SO HE HAD TO KILL HIM.
WELL, COME ON, FENNER. DID YOU THINK I WAS KIDDING ABOUT THAT DRINK?

AN EXCITING MURDER MYSTERY

Told in Pictures

FOUR FRIGHTENED WOMEN

WHO MURDERED THE FAMOUS ACTRESS?

Follow Kent Murdock, the veteran news photographer, as he goes to Cliffwood to get some shots of Ted Bernard, the radio comedian, and of his week-end guest, Irene Alexander, America's movie sweetheart. Murder is an uninvited guest at this gay week-end party and Murdock is in it up to his neck.

OVER 500 VIVID-COLOR PICTURES TELL THE STORY

Right before your eyes, in expertly drawn realistic pictures you will see the story unfold. You'll be able to follow every action as a spectator of every scene in the book. You'll thrill to the excitement of seeing with the artist's camera eye what happens in the hysterical, quarreling household, and be present at the final solution of the crime.

OTHER DELL TOLD-IN-PICTURES BOOKS

You'll enjoy reading in the modern style of vivid-color pictures—

- I MET A HANDSOME COWBOY, a Western love story.
- RICH GIRL, POOR GIRL, a love story.
- TWICE LOVED, a love story.
- OTHER TITLES to be announced soon.

DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL DELL

DELL

This Seal is your guarantee of good reading

FOUR FRIGHTENED WOMEN ..... George Harmon Coxe ..... TOLD IN PICTURES